

436 CANZON, *PARTHENOPHIL*
[?M^£J;

Still, sighing mine heart
overthrows ! Yet art Thou
cause of these woes!
But what avails ! if I make to the deaf, such
horrible outcries ?
She hears not my miseries ! O
Sorrow ! Sorrow, cease a while ! Let her
but look on me and smile ! And from
me, for a time, thou shalt be banished !
My comforts are vanished ! Nor
hope, nor time, my sorrows can
beguile ! Yet cease I not to cry for
mercy! vexed thus; But thou wilt not
relieve us, which perplexed us !

Ah, would Thou set some limits to my
woes! That, after such a time set (As
penance to some crime set),
Forbearance, through sweet hope, I
might endure ! But as bird (caught in
the fowler's lime set) No means for his
liberty knows; Me such despair
overgoes, That I can find no comfortable
hope of cure !

Then since nothing can
procure My sweet comfort, by
thy kindness; (Armed in peace,
to bear this blindness) I
voluntarily submit to this sorrow,

As erst, each even and morrow-
Can women's hearts harbour such
unkindness ? O, relent! Relent, and
change thy behaviour! Foul is the name
of Tyrant; sweet, of Saviour!

Long to the rocks, have I made my
complaints! And to the woods
desolate, My plaints went early
and late !
To the forsaken mountains and rivers !